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THE
DRAMATIC PIECES,
AND
POETRY,
OF
WILLIAM NATION, Jun.
INCLUDING,
The SCHOOL for DIFFIDENCE,
MISCELLANIES,
A Collection of SONGS, &c. &c.

' Hopeless of pleasing, yet inclin'd to please.'

GOLDSMITH.

PLYMOUTH:

Printed for the AUTHOR.

Sold by Mess. LAW, FAULDER, LOWNDES, and
DEIGHTON, London—R. GOADBY, Sherborne—
R. TREWMAN, Exeter—and M. HAYDON and SON,
Plymouth.

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DRAMATIC PIECES,

AND

P O E T R Y,

OF

WILLIAM NATION, Junr.

INCLUDING

The SCHOOL for DIFFIDENCE,

MISCELLANIES,

A Collection of SONGS, &c. &c.

A Hopkiss of Pleasant, yet innoxious to Pleasure.
GOLDEN.

PLAY MONTH:
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DEDICATION.

To the AUTHOR of
The Monthly, Critical, and English Review.
C O N T E N T S.

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DEDICATION.

To the AUTHORS of
The Monthly, Critical, and English Reviews.

SIRS!

So much has been said, by the Bards of the Nation,
In many a well-written, fine Dedication,
That difficult 'tis to make one Observation
Which has any Thing new, or partic'lar, or striking,
So witty and pretty that none can help liking!
I oft have admired your Talents and Merit,
To decide on poor Authors with Justice and Spirit;
And as Men, for Opinion, consult your Review,
I humbly inscribe my Productions to You;
In hopes as this public Attention I'm showing,
With Politeness and Friendship, with scraping and
bowing,
And with modest Submission so truly expedient,
You'll say something civil of me,

Your Obedient

W. NATION, Jun.

Plymouth, April, 1789.

Dramatic Pieces and Poetry.

INTRODUCTION.

OFT has each Bard receiv'd a Father's Name,
 The Fear, the Doubt, the anxious Hope the same,
 Indulgent both, to Imperfection kind,
 To many a Failing resolutely blind:
 Not so the World:—The latent Errors rise,
 In Colors glaring to another's Eyes;
 Whilst envious Witlings, rigid Critics burn
 To lash the culprit Author in their Turn.
 With Aim to check th' unpolish'd Critic's Rage,
 The Muse attempts a Tale from Phædrus' Page:
 In Days of Yore, ere Laughter-loving Farce
 Strove to divert, and Mimickry was scarce

A Youth

A Youth gave Notice, on a certain Day,
 That Something new and comic he would play;
 Assistants none he wanted, full of Spirit,
 Hop'd to convince the Public of his Merit.
 The Day arriv'd; Crowds flock'd to hear and see,
 The all-attractive Charms of Novelty:
 Silent they sat, with Expectation big,
 The Curtain rose—forth came the merry Grig,
 And—Wond'rous!—squeak'd exactly like a Pig. }
 The Critics plauded, relish'd well the Joke,
 Some thought he hid the Creature in his Cloke:
 Withdrawn, they search him—Don't be frighted
 Ladies,
 I'd set off Post in a Balloon to Cadiz,
 Rather than once offend dear lovely Woman—
 —The Searchers nothing found no more than common,
 No Pig appear'd, with vast Surprise they gaze—
 So great was little Merit in their Days!
 Scarce were the Plaudits o'er, when Hodge, a Clown,
 Announc'd with Eagerness to all the Town,
 That tho' he own'd the Trick was mighty clever,
 He would himself, in this, to please endeavor:
 Then nam'd the Day—The Mimic too consented
 To squeak again—and all went Home contented,
 Once

Once more the Crowd attend, resolv'd to own
 The Mimic's imitative Pow'r alone :
 He squeak'd, and 'Bravo,' was the gen'ral Sound,
 Whilst partial Admiration smil'd around—
 To make the Matter short, the Story clear,
 With Pig conceal'd, the Farmer (fly!) drew near,
 And (Savage!) tweak'd the Creature by the Ear. }

The Cry unnat'ral deem'd, The Critics frown,
 And to display their Taste, all hiss the Clown.
 'Off, Reptile!' cry'd the Beaux—Hodge laugh'd aloud,
 And then expos'd the Squeaker to the Crowd :
 All seem'd confounded at a Proof so strong,
 And by one Look confess'd their Judg'ment wrong.

MUSICAL

(7)

Once more the Crowd attend, rejoic'd to own
 The Music's imitative Power alone:
 He speaks, and 'Bravo,' was the general sound,
 Whilst partial Admirers still'd stand—
 To make the Matter short, the Story clear,
 With Pig conceiv'd, the Farmer (fly!) drew near,
 And (Savage!) twist'd the Creature by the Ear.

E R R A T A.

- Page 25, Line 4, for *seems* read *seem*.
 — 28, — 23, for *confues'd* read *confused*.
 — 40, — 10, for *And* read *Or*.
 — 46, — 3, for *Aldolph* read *Ardolph*.

(9)

MUSICAL AFTERPIECES.

‘ Ex nihilo, nihil fit. ’

(9)

MUSICAL AFTERPIECES

A. T. A. B. C.

These pieces are intended for the use of
young persons, and are designed to be
played on the piano-forte, and are
suitable for the use of the school.

((III))

SCHOOL *for* DIFFIDENCE,

A COMIC OPERA,

In ONE ACT.

'Heaven first taught Letters for some Wretch's aid.'

POPE.

((112))

The PERSONS,

TOM FLASH,

AMINTOR,

SOLOMON UPRIGHT.

MISS RIVINE WORTHY,

LUCY HARMLESS,

TIPPET.

SCENE, a VILLAGE.

THE

SCHOOL for DIFFIDENCE, &c.

SCENE, the FIELDS.

FLASH and LUCY.

Lucy. **T**HINK what you will Tom, 'tis very
cruel to deceive a poor Girl thus.

Flash.—Deceive!—Curse me Child, if I
know what you mean. What have I done in-
consistent with the Character of a Gentleman?

Lucy.—Ah, Tom, you are quite changed,
you no longer regard me.

Flash.—True, Rustic, I am changed. There's
no

no one insensible of the Metamorphosis. Scarce a Female in the Village but feels the power of my personal Attractions. Since I returned from Town, I range through the Sylvan Shades like the gay God of Love, darting Arrows and Confusion every where. Maids, Wives, and Widows, all confess that Tom Flash is not indifferent to them, from Lucy, the Brunette, to the accomplished Rivine.

Lucy.—Your going to Town, I think, has made you excessively conceited,

Flash.—Conceited! Where's the Man that has Merit and does not know it?

Lucy.—There was a Time, Tom, when you fondly press'd me to your Bosom.—

Flash.—Mere Galantry!

Lucy.—Yet your looks seemed to declare you loved me: You swore Absence could not make you forget me.

(*Flash*

(Flash takes out a Pocket Looking-glass and admires himself.)

and when we parted, sigh'd as if your Heart was breaking.

Flash sings,

' Prince of Song, of Dance, of Sports.'

Lucy.—Have you then entirely forgot me?

Flash, not regarding her,

' You ne'er will meet his like again.'

Lucy.—Now, seriously Tom, what are your Intentions concerning me?

Flash.—Intentions!

Lucy.—Will you ever marry me?

Flash.—Ha! Ha! Ha! You!—Marry you! No! No! Miss Worthy must not die on our Account neither.

Lucy.

Lucy.—And can you be so faithless?

Flash.—Can I slight Rivine when the dear
Angel condescends as Thomson says,
'To look unutterable Things?'

A I R.

('Sweetest of pretty Maids, let Cupid incline thee.')'

Do you then suppose, you Wretch, that I
e'er commended,
Think of a Cottage Lass, as my Intended,
Favor'd by Ladies who Fortune's Smiles in-
herit,
Prais'd and Carefs'd as a Beau of Taste and
Spirit!

Lucy, Betty,
E'er so pretty,
Mary, Jenny, Susie,
Sally, Nanny,
Nelly, Fanny,
Sure I must refuse ye!

'Tis

'Tis in vain you set your Caps, fruitless is
your fighting;

Sweet Rivine, must be mine, tho' you with
Love are dying.

Thro' the Village, thro' the Town, where is
such a Creature?

Elegance is all her own, Love shining in each
Feature!

How she chides my Diffidence, falt'ring tells
her Passion;

Shews her Taste in liking me, a Man of Wit
and Fashion!

Lucy, Betty, &c. (Exit.

LUCY, S O L A.

What an unfortunate Creature am I!

Let me not think at all—The least Reflection
on the Happiness I possessed, renders me
more uneasy.

C AIR.

A I R.

Ah! when I think on Pleasures past,
The more excessive is Distress,
Sweet Peace I ne'er again shall taste—
This makes the Love of Life the less!

These verdant Vales had Charms to please;
The Love I thought return'd could bless—
Affliction darkens all my Days—
This makes the Wish for Life the less.

(*Exit opposite.*)

S C E N E 2.—*Scene continues.*

Enter *Amintor*—afterwards *Solomon*.

A M I N T O R, S O L U S.

How vain the Hope, O'erruling Pow'rs above!
How vain to think I can forget to love!
Hopeless my Passion, Constant and Sincere,
I durst not speak lest I offend her Ear;

For

For how, alas! can I reveal my Flame!
Ah! why thus doom'd to sigh Rivine's Name!
O! that my Life were with my Comforts fled,
And I were number'd with the silent Dead!

A I R.
In vain I strive to banish Love;
Rivine's Image still is here
Impress'd, and nothing can remove
From my fond Heart, a Name so dear.

Yet should I dare to speak my Pain,
Rivine never would forgive:
Ah! hapless Fate, to love in vain!
To love, and still be doom'd to live!

(Stands musing.

Solomon.— Friend, Amintor, be not thou
cast down, neither be thou doubtful in thy
Mind: Who knoweth but the Heart of the
Maiden waxeth warm towards thee, and
burneth with the Fire of Love?

Amintor.

Amintor.—How is that possible? Can Rivine regard so unworthy a Being as myself? Alas! she knows not of my Distress. It would be Presumption to tell her that I love.

Solomon.—If thou lackest Resolution to inform her of thy Passion, how shall the Virgin remove thy Uneasiness?

Amintor.—I would forget her—And yet I would not:—For I would rather cease to live than to adore her:—I know not my own Mind.

Solomon. — Thou talkest Incoherencies: How long hast thou been Insane?

Amintor.—My Reason left me, when I first saw Rivine!

Solomon.—And verily, I fear, thy Reason would soon find its Way back again, if thou wert united unto her.

Amintor.

Amintor.—"My Life upon her Faith!"

Solomon.—"Wilt thou then serve thy Friend,
by delivering this Epistle unto the Damsel?

(producing it.)

Amintor.—"Willingly.

Solomon.—"Take it, and I charge thee give
it thyself, and to no other than Rivine Wor-
thy. Imagine not that I am thy Rival: It
would ill become grey-hair'd old Age to in-
dulge the Passions of Youth. Fare thee well.

*(Lifts Amintor's Hand up and down three
Times, and exit.)*

A M I N T O R, S O L U S.

Yes, I will give the Letter to Rivine,
whatever it contains. I shall then once more
have the Satisfaction to hear a Voice, which
to me is Harmony itself.

A I R.

A. I. R.

The Voice of those we love is sweet,
More grateful than soft Music's Sound:
Blest with Content and Joys complete,
No equal Rapture can be found!

Let others seek for Peace in Wealth:

Let some Ambition's Wishes gain—

The Charms of Life are Love and Health,
Of which depriv'd, to live is Pain!

(Exit.

S C E N E 3. — An Apartment.

FLASH and RIVINE, *sitting*.

Flash.—Your transcendent Charms, Ma'am,
are the Subject of all Poetry; the Quintessence of all Perfection! Wherever you tread, fragrant Flowers spring beneath your Feet; Nature smiles at your Approach, and—

Rivine.—Upon my Word, Mr. Flash, you are grown uncommonly Poetical. *Flash*.

Flash.—Ma'am, you do me Honor: Your
Approbation is of the greatest Value.

Rivine.—I should deem myself vain, dared
I to conceive it were of the least Importance
to you, who are so general an Admirer of the
Ladies.

Flash, apart.—Poor dear little Creature!
Pardon me, Ma'am; though I own myself
partial to the Sex, there is one I esteem more
than all, an Angel I was born to adore. O!
Miss Worthy, cannot you perceive.——

Rivine.—Sir, this is too much!—Conceit-
ed Coxcomb! (*apart.*)

Flash, after a Pause.—Pray, Ma'am, did
you never hear me sing?

Rivine.—I do not recollect I was ever so
much honor'd.

Flash.—Then I'll give you the Air I sung
last

last Evening at Lady Betty Lively's. You must know, Ma'am, she was asking me who was the Mistress of my Heart.

A I R.

(' I've kiss'd and I've prattled to fifty fair Maids.')

In lovely Rivine, the Graces combine,

The Queen of all Nature is she !

She is Pallas herself, and Venus divine :

Rivine's the Nymph for me !

Rivine's the Nymph, &c.

Her Breath is Perfume ! what an elegant Air !

How innocent, lovely, and free !

Nor Lilly nor Vilet, can with her compare,

Rivine's the Flow'r for me !

Rivine's the Flow'r,

Rivine's the Flow'r,

Rivine's the Flow'r for me !

' Yes, Ma'am,' said I, addressing myself to Lady Betty ; ' Miss Rivine is the sweet Flower I long to place in my Bosom.' Lard ! How
she

she looked! So vex'd, jealous, disappointed, and illnature'd as Envy herself. 'I wonder,' says Miss Juliet, 'how you can think of any Woman, who seems so much convinced of your own Charms.' 'Ma'am,' returned I, rather a little hurt at her ungenerous Behavior, 'I am convinced of nothing but the Wish to make myself acceptable to Miss Worthy.'

ms. (Both rise.

Rivine.—And what am I to say to all this?

Flash.—That, Ma'am, rests on your Goodness.

A I R. R I V I N E.

(' Let not Love thy Heart ensnare.')

Let not Hope, but to destroy,
Paint ideal future Joy;
Still delusive, flatt'ring, vain,
Peace shall ne'er return again.

D

Fairy

Fairy Prospects, Roseate Bow'rs, look'd all
Expectation's blissful Hours; as
Fleeting Phantoms, insincere, [Mills says
Distant seen, they disappear! Woman, who
Let not Hope, &c.] your own Charm.

Enter *Tippet*.—I am a poor fellow, but I
Will to make myself acceptable to Miss

Tippet.—A Gentleman wishes to speak with
you, Ma'am.

Rivine.—Did you ask his Name?

Tippet.—No, indeed, Ma'am—I know bet-
ter than so—It does not become Servants to
ask Gentlemen's Names; besides, he never
asked mine.

Rivine.—Desire him to walk up.

(Exit *Tippet*.)

Flesh.—Dem the Intruder!

Re-enter

Re-enter Tippet with Amintor, whom she introduces, and Exit.

Rivine (to herself) — Amintor ! O ! that Delicacy did not forbid to assure him of my Love.

Amintor.—Madam, I trust you will pardon this Intrusion, but supposing this Letter from Mr. Solomon Upright to be of Consequence, I thought proper to deliver it immediately.

(Rivine appears to read—A short Pause—Flash, by turns, regards Rivine and himself.—Amintor fixes his Eyes on the Ground 'till Rivine speaks.)

Rivine.—It is indeed of Consequence ! It tells me all I could wish. Are you acquainted with the Contents, Sir ?

Amintor.—No, Madam,

Rivine.

Rivine.—Then, by this Gentleman's Leave,
I'll read it aloud.

Flash.—You cannot oblige me more, Ma'am.
I should like vastly to hear the Quaker's
Letter.

Rivine.—*Esteemed Friend, Rivine Worthy!*
The Youth that beareth unto thee this
Epistle, regardeth thee with the purest Love
and Sincerity of Friendship. Yea, his Soul
longeth to have thee become Bone of his
Bone, and Flesh of his Flesh; but from the
Fear of displeasing thee, and his own Timi-
dity, he hath not dared to declare his Senti-
ments, neither wouldst thou have known
them, but by this Means: Howbeit, when
thou art the Wife of his Bosom, thou wilt be
more dear unto him than the Gold which
glittereth, more precious than Rubies, or
even than the Orb of Day which doth en-
lighten this terraqueous Globe.

Thy assured Friend,
Solomon Upright.

(*Amintor appears confus'd.*)

Flash.

Flash.—And do you dare, Sir, to have any Pretensions to that Lady?

Amintor.—I know not how to answer you. Miss Worthy, forgive my Presumption.

Flash.—Egad! I must frighten this diffident Gentleman—if I can. (*apart.*) Depend on it your Presumption shall not easily be passed over. I insist on Satisfaction. You will find me in the Grove To-morrow, at Seven in the Morning,

Rivine.—Mr. Flash, let not a false Sense of Honor induce you to prefer what you call ‘Satisfaction,’ to the Happiness of another. If you should deprive of Existence the Man I cannot but regard with Affection, would not my Hatred increase against you?

(*Looks tenderly on Amintor.*)

Amintor.—Heavens! Miss Worthy! what do you mean?

(*With Ecstasy.*)

Rivine.

Rivine.—To give you a different ' Satisfaction' than what this Gentleman intended.

(*Tenders her Hand, Amintor kisses it.*

Amintor.—My Life! my Love! how shall I thank you? Words are insufficient; but I trust my constant Endeavor to deserve the Affection you own for me, will convince you, I am not, cannot be ungrateful.

Flash.—Decorum disregarded! Merit overlooked!

F I N A L E.

(*Valentine's Day.*)

F L A S H.

The Way from Fashion had you known,
To please the Public Taste alone,
A better Choice you would have shown,
And blest you'd be each Day.
The Way, &c.

Then

Then how the Hautboy, Tabor, Fife,

And Violin would play :

With you, so elegant a Wife,

I'd trifle Time away.

Then how, &c.

A M I N T O R.

The Blifs your Kindness thus infures,

Will make me ever seek for yours ;

Poffeffion Paradife fecures,

Makes ev'ry Moment gay !

Then how the Hautboy, Tabor, Fife,

And Violin fhall play :

With you, fo innocent a Wife,

How bleft the Wedding-Day !

R I V I N E, (*to the Audience.*)

Ah ! let not Critic Rage purfue

The Bard, who has no Aim in view,

But to amufe his Friends, in you,

And fend your Griefs away :

Let

Let Hands applaud with loudest Strife,
And make our Author gay:
And sweetly Hautboy, Tabor, Fife,
And Violin shall play.

T R I O.

Ah! let not Critic Rage, &c.

(*Curtain Falls.*)

OLD

OLD LOVE RENEWED,

A DRAMATIC PROVERB,

IN ONE ACT.

‘E mi ritorna innanzi? Ei che ha potuto

Lasciarmi in abbandono?’

METASTASIO.

E

THE

OLD FASHIONED
THE PERSONS

THEODORE,

ARDOLPH,

RANGER,

MARINETTA.

IN ONE ACT.

SCENE, *the* COUNTRY.

SCENE,

A R D O L P H
S C E N E, a T A V E R N.

A Table, Bottles, Glasses, &c.

Ardolph, Ranger, and Theodore discovered sitting, who sing the following Trio.

R A N G E R.

TO cure Melancholy, the Bottle appears,
The Liquor we jovially quaff;
The Sigh is not heard, as the Joke passes round,
We join in a Song and a Laugh.

T H E O D O R E.

To the Virgin oppress'd with a Heart full of
Grief,

To the Greybeard who leans on his Staff,
To the Youth who by Love is brought near
to the Grave,

How cheerless the Song or the Laugh!

A R D O L P H.

A R D O L P H.

Yet, these are the Med'cines for passionate Love,
 And more efficacious by half,
 Than Reason or Argument, Absence, Advice,
 Then join in a Song and a Laugh.

Cho.

Then join, &c.

R E C I T A T I V E.

R A N G E R.

Come, fill your Bumpers now for Wine and
 Love; *(All drink.)*

By these alone we fleeting Time improve:
 Wine glads the Heart which Sorrow felt before,
 Whilst Beauty's Smiles with Rapture we adore.

T H E O D O R E.

Adore! and feel her Pow'r to know Distress,
 Love comes to make unhappy, not to bless:
 Disguis'd, the Savage Tyrant seems a Friend—
 His Shafts are fatal!—To my Tale attend.

A I R.

How sportive were my youthful Hours,
Each fond Delight to prove!
Swift flew the rapt'rous Scenes of Bliss,
When first I saw my Love.

No more the Morn brought Peace—No Joy
Could then my Woe remove—
Yet I'd the happy Hours recall
Could I forget to Love.

But ah! in vain the Wish to join,
The Pastimes of the Grove—
The Joys of Life are Joys no more;
I feel the Wounds of Love.

No other Voice but Her's can charm,
Nor Linnet, Thrush, nor Dove:
Sweet Warblers, nought can soothe my Grief
That's caus'd by hopeless Love!

Alas! In vain were Lethe's Stream,
Or all the Pow'r of Jove;

For

For whilst the Sense to think remains,
The Thought is hopeless Love!

R E C I T A T I V E.

R A N G E R.

Love which to you a sadden'd Aspect wears,
To me in Smiles with Merriment appears;
I owe each Blessing to th' engaging Fair,
And Life without them were not worth my
Care.

A I R.

When I fell in Love with Kitty,
For a while I left the Glas;
She was charming, She was witty,
O! She was a lovely Lass!

What a roguish Elf is Cupid!
Source of Pain and Pleasure He!
Making some with Sorrow stupid,
Others lively as a Bee!

Once

Once as on a Bank reposing,

Near the Spot I chanc'd to stray ;

Wanton Zephyrs blew, disclosing

Countless Beauties as she lay.

What a roguish Elf, &c.

Thrice the Charmer call'd on Ranger,

Thrice the sleeping Fair One sigh'd,

to keep the Nymph from Danger,

Closely crept and—she comply'd.

What a roguish Elf, &c.

RECITATIVE.

Thus Ranger lov'd and was belov'd again !

THEODORE.

Our Mirth serves only to increase my Pain.

For ne'er can I expect of Love return,

Who left the fairest Innocent to mourn.

Worse on my Pride, which urg'd me to forget

The chaste, the tender, lovely Marinette !

RANGER.

R A N G E R.

If you had lov'd like me, ne'er had your Pride
 A Wound receiv'd—Perhaps you never try'd
 Some lucky Moment to persuade the Fair,
 To bless you with her Charms, and banish Care.

T H E O D O R E.

Can you conceive I have so base a Heart,
 To make from Virtue, Innocence depart?
 How cruel he, who ruins and destroys,
 And tempts the Virgin to forbidden Joys!
 Ah! would the Man who scarce deserves
 the Name,

Think on the wretched Object of his Flame,
 Fore'er condemn'd to Infamy and Shame,
 A Prey to Grief, Disease, without a Friend,
 Her Life a burthen, Horrible her End!

A I R.

The Stag, by bleeding Wounds in Anguish,
 Vainly strives the Herd to seek;

Avoided

avoided, forc'd alone to languish,
Tears of Grief bedew his Cheek:

Thus, the ruin'd Girl neglected,
By seducing Love undone;
Scorn'd by all who once respected,
Weeps in vain for Virtue gone.

R E C I T A T I V E.

R A N G E R.

Who! Custom disregards small Crimes as these!
We Rakes can mould our Conscience as we
please;

ne'er disturbs us, 'tis so civil grown,
We seldom blush for Foibles of our own.

A I R.

(' Let the Toast pass.')

Here's to the Female who will not deny,
When Lovers solicit and press her;

F

Who

Who scorns to be prudish and hates to be shy,
And smiles when Admirers caress her.

Fill up a Glas,
To the kind Lads,
Like Wine, sparkling Wine, are her Charm
by the Mass!

I like not the Maid who is foolishly coy,
Who frowns if the Men dare salute her:
And she who permits not to trifle and toy
Shall never catch me as a Suitor.
Fill up a Glas, &c.

(Scene closes)

SCENE 2.—A RURAL PROSPECT
MARINETTA, SOLA.

A I R,

(To the Winds, to the Waves, to the Woods I complain.)

Ah! Faithless and False, who shall trust
the Sex?

Ah! Well-a-day, my poor Heart!

From Fair to Fair roving, they strive to
perplex,

Ah! Well-a-day, my poor Heart!

If they boast they are constant, we should
not believe—

Ah! Well-a-day, my poor Heart!

Their Oaths they but laugh at—They mean
to deceive—

Ah! Well-a-day, my poor Heart!

When I think of my Lover, my Pleasures
subside—

Ah! Well-a-day, my poor Heart!

How cruel to promise he'd make me his
Bride!—

Ah! Well-a-day, my poor Heart!

R E C I T A T I V E,

The Flow'r which turns to Sol's reviving Ray,
Must droop and fade before the shut of Day;

So must I droop, so Marinetta mourn,

Her Sun, her Theodore, will ne'er return.

To

To her, THEODORE.

Sure 'twas her Voice I heard—None charm
as She!

But will she deign to pardon faithless me!
Look on me, Marinette, can you forgive,
And bid the hapless Theodore to live?

MARINETTA.

Ah! Theodore return'd and talks of Love!
If you regarded, wherefore did you rove?
Inconstant Youth! know then the Fault was
thine,
That I, the Maid you wrong'd, call Edwin
mine.

THEODORE.

Edwin! O! Marinette! can this be true?
And must I lose all Bliss by losing you?
Come, friendly Death, make Life and Tor
ment cease,
For in the silent Grave alone is Peace.

A I R

Ye Scenes which could charm me, adieu!

Your Power to please is no more,

Marinetta! I sorrow for you,

And ah! I must ever deplore!

The Swains of the Village shall own,

That Time has my Constancy prov'd,

That I priz'd one dear Female alone,

That I saw Marinetta and lov'd!

(Ardolph entering, observes at a Distance.

To the Turf that shall cover my Clay,

Where the Myrtle and Willow appear;

If perchance Marinetta should stray,

And Pity should prompt a kind Tear;

She may learn from the Rustics who own

That Time has my Constancy try'd,

That the Force of Affection alone

Was the Cause that poor Theodore dy'd.

Ardolph,

Ardolph, Theodore, Marinetta.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Aldolph advances.

Scarce have I Patience. What a Tale of Woe!
In Truth, a very Werter—

T H E O D O R E.

Let me go,
From these sad Plains, to a more friendly
Shore,
To find in Death, the Quiet lost before,
There Love and Marinette distract no more!

A R D O L P H.

'Tis Madness sure that thus disturbs your Rest,
In her fair Face, there's Tenderneſs expreſs'd,
A kind conſenting Smile: Her Looks approve
In ſpeaking Silence, Theodore and Love.

T H E O D O R E.

THEODORE.

Alas! She deign'd another Swain to bless;
How great my Loss! How endless my Distress!

ARDOLPH to MARINETTA.

Can you delight to trifle with his Pain?

(To him)

She spoke to try you —

THEODORE.

May I hope again

To find indulgent to my wish, Dear Marinette?

MARINETTA.

If I should love you, you'd again forget.

THEODORE.

Forget! Impossible! Ne'er shall my mind
Harbour one Thought to Marinette unkind.

Forgive

Forgive the Youth, Imprudence led to rove,
Far from th' Abode of Marinette, his Love.
Trust me, when absent, I my Error mourn'd;
Nor felt Repose 'till to these Vales return'd.

FINALE.

(*Dr. P. Hayes's Highland Laddie.*)

THEODORE.

"Tis you alone that Ease can give
To my poor Heart your Love imploring;
For only in your Smiles I live,
Your Smiles Felicity restoring.

O! How happy, happy, when careffing,
My lovely Marinette possessing,
Each Care shall cease,
Each Joy increase,
And ev'ry Hour shall prove a Blessing!

MARINETTA.

I thought my Heart with Grief would break,
With killing Anguish overflowing;

But

But now my Rapture scarce can speak,
Kind Fate my ev'ry Wish bestowing.

O! how happy, happy, when careſſing,
My deareſt Theodore poſſeſſing,
Each Care ſhall ceaſe,
Each Joy increaſe,
And ev'ry Hour ſhall prove a Bleſſing!

A R D O L P H.

What ſweet Content muſt Lovers find,
United thus, what laſting Pleaſure!
For ever conſtant, ever kind,
They would not barter Love for Treafure.

O! how happy, happy, when careſſing,
The Charmer of our Heart poſſeſſing,
Each Care muſt ceaſe,
Each Joy increaſe,
And ev'ry Moment prove a Bleſſing!

T R I O.

What ſweet Content, &c.

G

REUBEN

(1801)

But how my Rapture's ecstasies
Kindle my every sense
O! how happy, happy, when
My heart's Theodoric's
Each Care that creeps
Each Joy increases
And every Moment proves a Blessing!

A R D O L P H E

What sweet Content with Love's soft
United souls, what lasting Pleasure
For ever constant, ever kind
They would not have for Freedom.

O! how happy, happy, when
The Charmer of our Hearts
Each Care that creeps
Each Joy increases
And every Moment proves a Blessing!

T R I O

What sweet Content with Love's soft
United souls, what lasting Pleasure
For ever constant, ever kind
They would not have for Freedom.

(51)

REUBEN and MARINA.

A T A L E.

(54)

REUBEN and MARINA.

A T A L E

REUBEN and MARINA.

‘ **YES!** I must leave you’—Reuben cried,
 ‘ Must leave Marina dear;
 ‘ My sweet, my wish’d-for future Bride,
 ‘ I shed a parting Tear.

‘ Will you remember, charming Maid,
 ‘ The Love your Reuben bore,
 ‘ When I shall cease those Vales to tread,
 ‘ Those Hills ascend no more?

‘ Can Reuben think I could deceive!
 ‘ Whilst Mem’ry I possess,
 ‘ I must reflect on you—Believe
 ‘ I cannot love you less.’

‘ Adieu!’ ‘ Adieu!’—The Vessel sail’d;
 The hapless Youth on board;—
 O’er him unusual Grief prevail’d,
 Marina oft’ deplor’d.

Alcanzor

Alcanzor lov'd; employ'd each Art
To make the Fair his own :
Fruitless Endeavor—For her Heart
Was Reuben's—his alone.

Ah! why did Reuben doubt her Truth?
A Fiction why believe?
Ah! how conclude—Mistaken Youth,
Marina could deceive!

As Reuben on a foreign Shore
Observ'd the ebbing Tide;
Seeming the Distance to deplore,
Lorenzo he espy'd;

' O say, Lorenzo, Is my Love,
' The fair Marina well?
' To Reuben does the faithful prove?
' O! answer—quickly tell.'—
' From Reuben's Ear I fain would hide—
' (But that the Truth he'll find)
' Marina, now Alcanzor's Bride,
' Effaces from her Mind.'—

Ah!

' Ah! speak no more—I must begone,
' It summons me away—
' Perdition!—Her I lov'd alone—
' 'Twere worse than Death to stay.'—

The Muse laments the horrid Deed
Of Reuben to disclose—
Desp'rate his Hand—his Bosom bleeds;
To Worlds unknown he goes.

Marina heard th' afflicting Truth;
' Ah! Thoughtless—Rash'—She cried,
' It is too much—Yes, dearest Youth,
' I'll follow thee.'—She died.

' Ah! speak no more—I must begone,
' It summons me away—
' Pardon!—Hail I lay'd alone—
' 'T were worse than Death to stay—

The Mute laments the horrid Dead
Of Reason to be dead—
Heptate his Hand—his Bolson bleeds
To Worlds unknown he goes.

Martin heard it, alluring Truth,
' Ah! Thoughtless—Falls!—she cried,
' It is too much—Yes, dearest Youth,
' I'll follow thee,—she died.

(573)

LOVE and SORROW.

LOVE and SORROW.

A T A L E.

H

(57)

LOVE and SORROW.

A T A L E.

H

LOVE and SORROW.

ONCE, in a Period since forgot,
When Care nor Grief were seen,
When Peace was ev'ry Mortal's Lot,
The Virgin JOY was Queen.

LOVE all her Actions seem'd to guide,
JOY only liv'd for LOVE;
But JOVE made ev'ry Bliss subside,
The Thunderer above.

In awful Frowns the GOD arose,
The forked Lightnings flew;
'The Child of ATE you espouse,
'For JOY is not for you.'

Compell'd, the dread Command obey'd,
LOVE was to SORROW join'd;
PAIN and DISTRESS their Guests were
made,
To MISERY consign'd.

From

From this unhappy Union rose
A Virgin, PITY nam'd;
She wept to hear another's Woës,
Her Mind by SORROW fram'd.

The Red-breast built her little Nest
In PITY's blest Abode,
Where SORROW's DAUGHTER sunk to
Rest,
The Bird her Young bestow'd.

Whilst yet an Infant, swift a Dove
To PITY's Bosom flew;
' Sweet Child, Defend me with thy Love,
' For hungry Hawks pursue.'

Oft' at the Stream of Helicon,
A Tear she dropp'd, and sigh'd—
Her Tears with mingling Waters run,
Thro' verdant Pastures glide.

'Twas thus the Muse obtain'd the Pow'r,
Complaint with Song to join,
And with sad Melody each Hour
To please and yet repine.

The Parent thro' each Village went;
And each, had SORROW's Part;
She robb'd the Hamlets of Content,
And wounded ev'ry Heart.

With Bosom bare; with Balm supply'd,
PITY her Mother join'd,
And where the Parent did reside,
The Daughter heal'd the Mind.

Fly, PITY, to my Fair One's Breast,
Her kind Instructions be—
By LOVE and SORROW both oppress'd,
O! bid her pity me.

P A U S E.

LOVE with his Partner SORROW stray'd,
And constant were the Pair,
And if the GOD a Visit made,
SORROW was present there.

To JOVE's o'er-ruling Hand resign'd,
He thought of JOY no more,
But as to happier Realms confin'd—
'Twas fruitless to deplore.

It

It chanc'd to join the rustic Train,
As o'er the Wilds they pass'd;
The Tempest rose, The Wind and Rain,
And Lightnings issued fast.

A hideous Cave, where ne'er was known
The cheering Light of Day,
Serv'd for Protection from the Storm,
And hush'd in Sleep they lay.

And now Six Thousand Years were fled,
And PITY's Form so fair,
Lay, senseless, with the tranquil Dead,
Dissolv'd to what they were.

Soon as the lucid Morning rose,
The Sleep of LOVE was o'er—
But SORROW, and the FRIEND TO
WOES,
Her Daughter, woke no more.

To the Elyfian Fields he soar'd,
The Virgin JOY he found,
And JOVE, whilst lower GODS ador'd,
With Wreaths of Myrtle crown'd.

LOVE

(63)

LOVE ELEGIES.

LOVE ELEGIES,
ABSENCE.

WRITTEN IN CHARACTER OF

HORTON.

'Tædet cæli convexa tueri.'

SYMP TOMS

In silence to join the rustle Train,
As if the Wind they pass'd,
The Lament rose, The Wind and Rain,
And Lightning's flash fell.

LOVE REFLECTS

The evening Light of Day,
Seiz'd the most precious from the Storm,
And laid in Sleep they lay.

WRITTEN IN CHARACTER OF

And now Six Thousand Years were past,
And PITY'S Form was fair,

LOVE REFLECTS
Dulcet to the soul they were.

Soon as the lucid Morning rose,

The deep of LOVE was over—

But SORROW and the FRIEND TO

WISS;

Her heart can't conceive that?

To the Myself I had to send

The Spirit of LOVE to send

And LOVE to send to send

And LOVE to send to send

LOVE ELEGIES.

A B S E N C E.

THE Hours eternal Ages seem,
 Ne'er to be done away;
 And Clouds o'ershadow ev'ry Scene,
 And darken ev'ry Day.

Far from her Horton's Sight she roves,
 Nor bears him in her Mind;
 Regardless how sincere he loves
 The amiable unkind.

Come, black Despair, and Anguish come,
 Attend me as I go,
 A gloomy Passage to the Tomb,
 Thro' Life's sad Vale of Woe.

SYMPTOMS of LOVE.

WHEN Love once holds the feeling Heart,
Away poor Reason flies;
Mirth and her smiling Train depart,
And hum'rous Fears arise.

From social Friends the Lover strays,
Dejected and alone;
And on his Spirits Sorrow preys;
He thinks himself undone.

The Tear oft' falling from his Cheek,
Oft' starts from either Eye;
How hard the Task his Woe to speak!
How oft' is heard the Sigh!

No Remedy, No Med'cine's found,
Such Aids, alas! are vain;
The Angel who has giv'n the Wound,
Can only ease the Pain.

The QUEEN of MAY.

EACH melancholy Thought I'll leave,
 And ev'ry mournful Lay;
 Friendship shall still my Grievs awhile,
 For Julia, Queen of May.

See round the Pole, the Rustics dance,
 Whilst Nature's self is gay;
 The Birds, with sweet melodious Notes,
 Hail Julia, Queen of May.

The Village Train, so neatly dress'd,
 In Honor of the Day,
 To Innocence a Sceptre yield,
 And crown the Queen of May.

Did not my Soul now droop with Love,
 And own Matilda's Sway,
 I'd revel with the rest, and sing
 To Julia, Queen of May.

Sweet Virgin, may no hopeless Love
 Disturb thy future Day;
 And ev'ry Bliss her Heart shall want,
 Be Julia's—Queen of May.

The

THE DREAM.

WHEN Sleep had clos'd my weary'd Eyes,
 And lull'd each active Power;
 When Morpheus wav'd his potent Rod,
 And Darkness lull'd the Hour;

Her Form upon my Mind impress'd,
 No Slumbers could remove;
 And Fancy, with her Pencil drew,
 A flatt'ring Sketch of Love.

Deceiv'd, by fascinating Dreams,
 How pleasing pass'd the Night;
 That shew'd Matilda constant still,
 And cheer'd me with Delight!

Alas! the kind Deception flew,
 And Morning chang'd the Scene;
 Her Absence soon her Horton knew,
 Her Presence but a Dream.

'Twas Fancy's Work—Yet in my Heart
 Despair, which dwells alone,
 Adumbrates Wreter's Sorrows still,
 And tells me, they're my own.

DESPOND.

DESIPTON D E N C M

THE gay, enchanting, Oyster-buffe Hope
 To press Matilda to my raptur'd Breast,
 Is fled — and deem'd to drink Affliction's Cup,
 Beneath my Sufferings I would seek to Rest.

Scarcely within my Call a Glimpse of Light;
 To me the rising Sun no Joy bestows;
 My Fetters' horrid Noise, This seeming Night
 Acquaints me, Death alone can end my
 Woes.

Heav'ns! Am I deem'd a Murderer accus'd!
 Let not Matilda's Ear its Credence give;
 Fate grant but that, and I will brave the worst;
 The injur'd Horton does not hope to live.

Matilda, at thy Feet I thought to die —
 But, to my cruel Fate, I must resign —
 Yet by the Love I've shewn, believe the Sigh —
 Th' expiring Horton dies most truly thine.

The

The D E V I A T I O N .

NOW the darken'd Clouds of Night
 Call the Village to Repose;
 Sure the Gloom around that reigns,
 Bears Resemblance to my Woes!

Ne'er shall Slumber close my Eyes,
 Till eternal Sleep I find;
 Till that Death prevents the Thought,
 Full of Horror to my Mind.

Has Matilda left the Path
 Of unfading Flow'rs of Joy!
 Can her Form be Slave to Vice!
 Shall Disease her Bloom destroy!

Pitying Angels, hover round,
 Now my unfram'd Senses mourn—
 Sweetest Innocence was her's—
 Never, never to return.

I'll her Ravisher pursue,
Fix my Poniard in his Breast,
Send his Soul to gloomy Shades,
Who destroy'd Matilda's Rest.

Hark! A Sound my Ear assails;
She consented to the Deed—
This will make my Heart-strings break—
Make my very Soul to bleed.

All is Darknes—All Despair,
Sorrow, Anguish, and Distress—
Wake, Matilda, from thy Dream—
Horton's falt'ring Tongue shall bless.

SUNDAY

I'll her Ravisher pursue,
Tix my Fonzid in his Broom,
Send his Soul to gloomy Shades,
Who destroy'd Maria's Rest.

Hark! A Sound my Ear assails;
She consented to the Deed—
This will make my Heart-strings break—
Make my very Soul to bleed.

All is Darkness—All Despair,
Sorrow, Anguish, and Distress—
Wake, Maria, from thy Dream—
Horton's falling Tongue shall bless.

SUNDAY EXERCISES.

'To Heav'n I lift my waiting Eyes.'

WATTS.

(78)

SUNDAY EXERCISES.

“To Heaven I lift my soul in prayer.”
WATTS.

SUNDAY EXERCISES.

H Y M N I.

(*'Te Deum laudamus.'*)

ETERNAL, Just, All-hallow'd GOD,
Let all Mankind a Tribute bring;
Thy sinful Creatures here would raise
Their Voices to their gracious King.

This sublunary World—The Air—
And all the Offsprings of thy Word;
Our Souls and Faculties proclaim
An ever-living, present LORD.

Whilst the whole Earth resounds thy Praise,
Eternal, everlasting SIRE,
May Contemplation fill our Hearts
With ardent Zeal's celestial Fire.

Myriads

Myriads of Angels cry aloud
To thee, and in thy Praise unite;
They speak of thy mysterious Ways,
And sing thy Mercies with Delight.—

The Heav'ns and all the Pow'rs therein,
With Hymns incessant, thee address;
And Cherubin, and Seraphin,
The SELF-EXISTENT GOD confess.

With these, O FATHER, we would join,
And sing loud Anthems to thy Name;
The Heav'ns and Earth shall pass away,
JEHOVAH ever is the same.

H Y M N II.

(Repent and be forgiv'n.)

HARK! From the LORD these Sounds
proceed,

‘ Prepare yourselves for Heav'n;

‘ Reform



'Reform that **Life I came to save;**
'Repent and be forgiv'n.'

Say, Can one Christian hear the Sound,
And not prepare for **Heav'n?**
Can one the offer'd Love neglect,
'Repent and be forgiv'n!'

Alas! In vain the Call, for Man
Avoids the **Road to Heav'n;**
The Paths of Sin he seeks, nor dares
Repent and be forgiv'n.

The Scenes where Wantonness appears,
These, he prefers to **Heav'n!**
The Heart's deprav'd, the Soul enslav'd--
'Repent and be forgiv'n.'

O GOD, the Comforter, arise,
And Souls regain for **Heav'n;**
Thy Grace impart to make us wise,
Repent and be forgiv'n.

HYMN

H Y M N III.

(' How amiable are thy Tabernacles !)

HOW fair the Dwellings of the **LORD!**

How amiable thy Courts!

With fervent Wish I long to meet

Where **JESU's** Friends resort.

There Piety and Praise unite,

There Streams of Comfort flow,

There I can trace thy wond'rous Love,

And think 'tis Heav'n below!

How beauteous are thy Temples, **LORD!**

How tuneful are thy Choirs!

Yet more desirable the Place,

To which my Soul aspires!

There the Assemblies of thy Saints

In gen'ral Concert sing,

' All Glory to th' **ETERNAL SIRE,**

' Our gracious **LORD** and King.'

HYMN

HYMN IV.

F U N E R A L.

SPIRIT BENIGN! IMMORTAL POW'R!

From whom all Comforts flow,
The Thought of thee can cheer the Hour
Of the severest Woe.

The Gift of Life at first was thine,

From thee our Spirits came:

The potent Arm of Love divine,

Supports our feeble Frame.

Thou tak'st the Blessings thou hast giv'n,

And turnest Man to Dust;

But there is Bliss and Joy in Heav'n,

The Portion of the Just.

The happy Soul to GOD returns,

And ne'er shall Sorrow see:

The Friend deplores, the Orphan mourns,

But not repines at thee.

Affur'd

Affur'd that all thy Ways are just,
 Safe in thy friendly Care,
 We kiss thy chaff'ning Rod, and trust,
 Nor of thy Help despair.

A few short Years, or Months, or Days
 Shall pass, and Life be o'er,
 Then shall we see our Friends, and praise
 OUR FATHER evermore.

On the DEATH of a FRIEND.

WHY mourns the Soul? Oppress'd with Grief
 She Joy rejects, nor seeks Relief;
 Sure Friends departed claim a Sigh!
 And shall we talk with those no more
 So lov'd, alas! and still deplore
 The dire Decree, that 'Man must die.'
 Assist, Ye sympathetic Pow'rs
 To cheer the melancholy Hours,
 Some kind Relief, some Pity show;
 Infuse the Balm; Assuage the Smart,
 Which

Which almost rends the aching Heart,
And bids incessant Tears to flow.

The DEITY who Life first gave,
Has Right to take, has Pow'r to save;

He rules Creation by his Nod;
Submissive bow before his Throne;

He chose to take her as his own,
To dwell forever with her GOD.

Ye Angels shout, your Trumpets sound,
The willing Spirit quits the Ground,

Free Pardon by her SAVIOR giv'n:
Welcome the Saint, a Crown prepare,
She left a World of Grief and Care,
For Friendship, Love, and Joy in Heav'n.

S T A N Z A S

OCCASION'D BY

Two Young Ladies taking a Voyage to *****.

BE calm, ye Winds, Be smooth, O Sea!
The lovely Sisters sail away,

L

To

To reach their native Place!
Mild and serene their Tempers are,
They know no Storms, and ever share
Contentment, Joy, and Peace.

Safe from the Perils of the Deep,
May each protecting Spirit keep,
Conduct them as they go;
And O! when Life's short Voyage's o'er,
May Angels welcome to the Shore,
Where Streams of Comfort flow.

W R I T T E N

On seeing a WATCH-PAPER with the MOTTO

'Join'd by Friendship, Crown'd by Love.'

HOW blest the Pair who e'er receive
The Joys which Innocence can give,
Who as thro' Life's fond Scene they rove,
Are 'Join'd by Friendship, Crown'd by Love.'

Should adverse Fortune make them poor,
Each Ill with Patience they endure,

Affection

Affliction Sorrows can remove—
They're 'Join'd by Friendship, Crown'd by
Love.'

As thro' Affliction's Vale they stray,
Their Constancy shall cheer the Way;
Comforts in deep Distress they'll prove,
As 'Join'd by Friendship, Crown'd by Love.

Should Death relentless strike the Blow,
The Widow'd feels severest Woe;
Till ne'er to part, in Realms above,
They're 'Join'd by Friendship, Crown'd by
Love.'

On F U T U R I T Y.

COLLOQUY BETWEEN

RELIGION, PLEASURE, and the SOUL.

P L E A S U R E.

TO my Pavilion haste, where Love invites,
Where human Cares are lost in soft Delights,
Where

Where Joy, and Happiness, and Laughter
dwell;

All that can please the Eye, the Taste, the
Smell,

For thee, Variety displays her Charms:

Sweet shall your Slumbers be in Beauty's Arms!

S O U L.

Yet I reject thee, with deserv'd Disdain—

Can I, by sinful Pleasure, Heav'n obtain?

There my aspiring Hopes are ever plac'd,

A perfect, endless Bliss I long to taste.

By thee deceiv'd, my Steps would downwards
tend,

And all my HEAV'NLY FATHER's Favors
end.

Alas! When present on another Shore,

Piercing Remorse, and Darkness all before,

Where could I fly? From whom expect Relief?

In that sad Hour, Could'st thou assuage my
Grief?

Who seeks thee meets with Ruin, courts De-
spair,

And in thy Cup, Ten Thousand Bitters are

PLEASURE.

P L E A S U R E.
 From thee, such Thoughts, such Fancies, wild,
 remove,
 Have Part in Revelry, partake of Love;
 What Happiness excels the Bliss I give;
 Sought for and priz'd—For which 'tis Joy to
 live!

S O U L.

Life for a nobler Purpose, sure, was giv'n,
 To form the Mind aright for GOD and Heav'n,
 Awhile his Thunders hush'd, no Lightnings
 blaze,—

His wond'rous Mercy fills me with Amaze!
 Mercy that bids his Vengeance be at Rest,
 That Penitence may reach th' Offender's Breast.

R E L I G I O N.

Tho' Vengeance sleep awhile, The Day must
 come,
 When Pleasure's Votaries receive their Doom.
 The Trump shall sound, tremendous to the Ear,
 The Dead shall wake, and CHRIST again ap-
 pear.

Where

Where then shall be his Hope who guilty died,
 The Man of Blood, The Child of sinful Pride!
 Where the Prophane, the Careless, the Unchaste
 Hell Flames, and bitter Anguish doom'd to
 taste.

Whilst those who follow me, partake of Joy,
 To praise TH' ETERNAL is their sweet
 Employ,

For them Life, Friendship, Heav'nly Love
 unite,

Eternal Blessings, Infinite Delight !

E'en as the Reaper separates the Tares,
 And to his Barn, the Wheat full ripen'd bears,
 So shall THE JUDGE reward the Just with
 Peace,

And burn the Chaff with Fires that never cease,

S O U L,

Frequent with stedfast Faith may I survey
 The Realms of Darknes, and the Seats of Day;
 Oft may Imagination bring them near,
 Paint in deep Colors ere the Judge appear.
 Lend me thy Aid—Instruct where JESUS trod,
 And learn a Wanderer the Way to GOD.

ELEGY

E L E G Y

On the Death of Lord Viscount COURTENAY.

LET Grief prevail, Let Tears, incessant flow,
The Sun is set, ah! COURT'NAY is no
more,

In speaking-silent-Eloquence of Woe
The Sons of Sensibility deplore.

Pale are those Lips, which op'd to bless Man-
kind,

Clay-cold the Heart which glow'd with Love
and Peace ;

O'ER-RULING SIRE! we wish to be resign'd,
Yet fear the Woes we feel can never cease.

So great, so good, so gen'rous, so benign,
Friend to the Poor, by pitying JESUS giv'n,
The Stranger heard of Virtue so divine,
And thought the Foes to COURT'NAY,
Foes to Heav'n.

By Meditation aw'd to Sounds attend,
Of Harmony by Spirits blest above,
Who joy to own him a celestial Friend,
And hymn the GOD of Mercy and of Love.

MISCEL-

E L E G Y

On the Death of Lord Viscount Courtney.

LET Grief prevail, let Tears incessant flow,
The Sun is set, ah! COURTNEY is no more.

In speaking-silent-Eloquence of Woe
The Sons of Sensibility deplore.

Pale are those Lips, which op'd to bless Man-kind,

Clay-cold the Heart which glow'd with Love
and Pity;

O'ER-RULING SIRE! we wish to be resign'd,
Yet fear the Woes we feel can never cease.

So great, so good, so generous, so benign,

Friend to the Poor, by pitying JESUS giv'n,

The Stranger heard of Virtue so divine,

And thought the Poor to COURTNEY,

Woe to Heaven.

By Meditation aw'd to Sounds attend,

Of Harmony by Spirits blest above,

Who joy to own him a celestial Friend,

And hymn the GOD of Mercy and of Love.

MISCELL.

(89)

MISCELLANIES.

G O D

MY BIRTH-DAY.

DESCEND, celestial Nave,
And fill this voice with praise:

MISCELLANIES.

Begin the strain,
And let the praise proclaim:
To Virtue yield this Day,
And let her Honor you can pay:
The Church begins the singing Word of praise,
The Church and Cymbals, most harmonious,
Sound the strain:
Praise the Lord, and raise your Voice,
And every other Name but Love's confound.

The Church and Cymbals, most harmonious,
Sound the strain:

M

(8)

MISCELLANIES.

M I S C E L L A N I E S.

O D E.

ELLA'S BIRTH-DAY.

DESCEND, celestial Nine,

My feeble Voice inspire;

Ye Pow'rs of Harmony assist;

Apollo tune your Lyre.

Begin the Strain,

Her Praise proclaim;

To Virtue yield this Day,

Each Honor you can pay.

The Theme begin, Let list'ning Worlds rejoice,

Let Lutes and Cymbals, most harmonious,
found;

Erato, touch the Harp, and raise your Voice,

And ev'ry other Name but Love's confound.

The Charms of Innocence and Mirth

Dwell ever on her Tongue;

The

The Day which gave to Ella Birth,
Deserves the Lover's Song.

May ev'ry Bliss attend

My sweet, my valued Friend.

The Heart she wounds, shall still her Image
wear,

No Wish for any other shall be there :

Each Thought shall to my Mind convey
The num'rous Beauties of her lovely Face,

That far surpasses the Sun's enliv'ning Ray,

How bright his beaming Light
Sustain me, Hope, Let me the future trace,

And picture to myself this Angel's Face.

Apollo tune your Lyre.

Begin the strain.

Her Praise proclaim ;

To Virtue yield this Day,

E L L A's W A L K

The Theme begin, Let lifting Worlds rejoice

WHILST I mid lively Circles stray,

In these sweet Shades, forever dear ;

A settled Gloom attends the Way,

I mark each Footstep with a Tear.

Luna, resplendent Orb of Eve,

With friendly Rays shines all around ;

The

The

The Lovers he'll ne'er deceive,

The Maid consenting, heeds the Sound,

Sure, Friendship here has ta'en her Seat,

And virtuous Passions oft' unite,

And every social Pow'r replete,

With Kindness, crown each brightly Night!

What Cause conferr'd, say, who can tell

A Name on this Elysian Grove?

'Tis her's, who can my Grievs dispel,

'Tis her's, who can reward my Love!

If nought beside, this makes it due,

That I should strive to sing its Charms—

O! may the Maid ador'd be true,

And Love consign her to my Arms.

~~I would be my best friend for many years to come,~~

~~And add fresh laurels to adorn his Tomb.~~

~~But for my friend, I hope, I have no more to say.~~

~~The Honor, now confer'd, sweet friend,~~

~~For this, my Gratitude, too great to express,~~

~~AMID' the gen'ral Voice of Mirth and Song,~~

~~The Means to pass the tedious Hour along,~~

~~Say,~~

~~Soon after the Death of Mr. FOOTE, Comedian.~~

~~For this, my Gratitude, too great to express,~~

~~AMID' the gen'ral Voice of Mirth and Song,~~

~~The Means to pass the tedious Hour along,~~

~~Say,~~

Say, shall I dare to ask you to deplore
 The Father, Friend, or Hero now no more?
 Not as a Play'r I come, with fancy'd Woe,
 But touch'd with real, more than outward Show.

The Scene of Life is clos'd—The Actor fled—
 The Curtain dropp'd—He, number'd with the
 Dead,

No more on this our Stage performs his Part,
 No more with well-feign'd Woe afflicts the
 Heart;

Nor plauded shall in Comedy be seen,
 As Spado, Shylock, Cantwell, Strickland, Trim.

Had I a Shakspeare's Pow'r to touch the Soul,
 Here Sorrow should prevail without Controul;
 But now let Tears the want of Pow'r supply,
 Yet could I raise in Beauty's Breast the Sigh,
 'Twould be my Boast for future Years to come,
 And add fresh Laurels to adorn his Tomb.

But stop my Heart—A happier Theme pursue;
 The Honor, now conferr'd, sweet Friends, by
 you:

For this, my Gratitude, too great t' express,
 Accept, for kind, unmerited Success,

Whilst

Whilst I assure you, with a Heart sincere,
That none shall strive to please more than
Diddear.

P R O L O G U E

Intended for a **PRIVATE REPRESENTATION,**

(Written at the Request of a **FRIEND.**)

IN Season seems this Play, when Recitation
Appears the Influenza of the Nation:
When Richmond House resounds with Tragic
Rage,
Where Heroes "strut their Hour upon the
Stage,
"And then are heard no more."—When Fec-
tor's Pow'rs,
With pleasing Sadness oft beguile the Hours—
How sweet their Toil! Their Labor how
endear'd!

By Fame supported, and by Kindness cheer'd!

But

But here—No Laurel Wreaths for us
 twin'd;—
 The Cypress droops—Each Prospect is unkind,
 And sure, to paint th' Opinions of the Town,
 To note the Censures on our Conduct thrown,
 The various Evils which we must engage,
 Might fright the rash Advent'ers from the
 Stage.

Some lovely Virgins scorn a Spouter's Name;
 Some Maids of Fifty give us up to Shame,
 Some Bucks of Spirit d-mn th' Attempt unseen,
 Some blame our Weakness, Critics vent their
 Spleen;

View'd almost as a Crime; 'tis said, it tends
 To ruin us, to scandalize our Friends.

Yet have we dar'd—Led by the Will to please
 For which, excuse the Deed—to slight all these,
 Regardless of the Gloom that clouds our Way,
 In Paths forbidden, hated, now we stray—
 Humbly soliciting, you'll calm our Fear,
 And grant a Pardon to our Failings here.

FRAGMENT.

F R A G M E N T.

To M A R I A.

AND shall another taste her Charms divine,
 And blast the Hope of Love, of Love sincere!
 Must I the Wish, the flatt'ring Wish resign?
 Welcome Despair! Be Melancholy near!

O, much-lov'd Maid! How ill I bear your
 Scorn!

A small Request, and urg'd by Love, deny'd!
 Curs'd be the Moment I for this was born!
 And curs'd the Hour I left Maria's Side!

Yes, 'twas at Night! the conscious Moon for-
 bore;

Forbore, in Pity to a Wretch like me;—

'Twas sable Night, when all my Hopes were
 o'er;

'Twas Chaos all, and Grief, and Misery!

Such are the Ravings of a Mind distress'd!

Such are the Pangs of disregarded Love!

Such are, alas! the Sorrows of my Breast!

Such is the Misery I'm doom'd to prove!

N

Why

Why must each Pleasure, each fond Scene be
o'er?

Why flies my Peace? O Heav'ns! tell me
why?

Why am I bound to Life which charms no more?

Ah! why deny'd the Privilege—to die!

Must I the Will, the lasting Will resign?

Welcome Death! the instant I resign!

P A W R O M D Y

ON THE CONCLUDING LINES

OF A& II. in the FAIR PENITENT.

WERE you but cautious, Vot'ries of the Muse,

Did you but know the dang'rous Path you chuse,

How slipp'ry the Ascent—You'd not in vain

Of snarling Critics and Reviews complain.

Of all the various Scribblers of the Age,

How few the public Favor can engage!

Convinc'd by Reason, some the Task give o'er,

Descending from those Heights they climb'd

before;

And, conscious of their Fault, will ne'er

—attempt them more!

SOMETHING

SOMETHING CLEVER.

LET me compose my mind and think—
(Kind Muse inspire me ever!—)
Egad, I'll dip my Pen in Ink,
And give you—SOMETHING CLEVER!

My Power to scribble pray don't doubt,
Nor frown at my Endeavor:—
Wherever you find Merit out,
You meet with—SOMETHING CLEVER!

Should you my latent Worth discern,
(For none yet saw it ever,)
I'll own you've prying Eyes, and learn
To charm with—SOMETHING CLEVER!

Could I but wet my parched Wit
At Helicon's fam'd River,
'Twould not be difficult to hit
Your Taste, with—SOMETHING CLEVER!

The Fair I prize, is far away ;
Ah! cruel Fate to sever!
Her Presence Love and Life made gay,
For she was—SOMETHING CLEVER!

SONGS.

SOMETHING OF EVERY

LET me comfort my heart and thank—
—Kiss me while I live the ever—
—And give you—something of every—
—My power to terrible play—
—Now down at my hand—
—Wherever you find me—
—You meet with—something of every—
—Should you my heart—
—I do not know—
—In our love—
—To change—
—Could I but see my father—
—At his side—
—I would not be—
—Your love—
—The fair I prize—
—Ah! cruel pain to love—
—Her presence love and life—
—For the was—something of every—

SONGS

(101)

S O N G S.

(101)

2 0 N 0 2

The Rose as **S** Lily **C** ended **N** in **S** Face,
And taper is the lovely **W**ill I'm anxious to embrace;
~~As white as Snow~~
But cold as Ice, the melting Heart of blooming Anna
I. **S O N G I.**

HAPPY is the Village Rustic,
Who ne'er left the Grieffs of Love,
Pleas'd To-day in Ease he passes,
Nor the Morrow fears to prove!
Blest with the Angel I adore, the blooming Anna fair!
Sweet Content, perpetual Pleasure,
Ev'ry rising ~~With supplies,~~
Health and Innocence his Treasure;
Blest he lives, and calmly dies.

~~SERENE and fair breaks forth the Day,~~
The Hills, the Vales fresh Charms display;
The Birds, **S O N G II.** the Groves
In strains melodious sing of Love.
(' Some talk of Alexander.')

SOME talk of Patty Clover, and some of bonny Bet,
Some of the bashful Virgin, and some the gay Coquette;
But what are meaner Beauties, they never can compare
To the dear Angel I adore, the blooming Anna fair!

The

The Rose and Lily blended, appear in Anna's Face,
 And taper is the lovely Waist I'm anxious to embrace;
 As white as Snow her Bosom, and auburne is her Hair,
 But cold as Ice, th' unfeeling Heart of blooming Anna
 fair!

Ye Pow'rs o'er Love presiding, O! thaw that Heart for
 me;
 To her alone devoted, I'd yield my Liberty;
 The Hours will speed with Rapture, my Spirits light as
 Air,
 Blest with the Angel I adore, the blooming Anna fair!

S O N G III.

SERENE and fair breaks forth the Day;
 The Hills, the Vales fresh Charms display;
 The Birds, sweet Warblers of the Grove,
 In Strains melodious, sing of Love.

No Sorrows, Cares, nor Pains they feel,
 No Falsehoods in their Breasts conceal;
 Whilst Man, unblest, attempts to prove
 The Joys, but finds the Griefs of Love.

SONG

S I V O N O G I O I V 2

WHEN Bacchus a Pipe of good Wine
 To Swains in a Village had gi'n,
 They thought 'twas his Worship's Design
 To give them a Foretaste of Heav'n;
 T' enrich and ennoble their Veins,
 To make them all happy and gay;
 Forgetting their Sorrows and Pains,
 They merrily sung the whole Day.

S O N G V.

I I V 2 O N O 2

G L E E.

LEVITY, Jollity, Frolic, and Fun,
 Here in our mirthful Society pass;
 Who'd after Dian's or Venus's run,
 If such are the Joys of the life-giving Glass?
 Jealousies, Sadness, Afflictions, Despair,
 Wait on the Lover with Cares and Distress;
 But these Disasters can never come here,
 Friendship and Wine are assisting to bless!

S V I O N G O V E

SEEK you Content, and would you prove
 The Bliss Immortals know;
 From Friendship, Innocence, and Love,
 Whate'er can bless must flow.
 Ah! vain to think, in glitt'ring Ore,
 That Satisfaction's found!
 These make the Cup of Joy run o'er,
 And strew with Flow'rs the Ground.

S O N G VII.

(The Wand'ring Sailor.)

THE Soldier nobly dares defy,
 When threat'ning Dangers round him fly;
 His active Soul disdains to fear:
 He pants for Glory, brings it near:
 And hopes when every Peril's past,
 To taste the Calm of Peace at last.
 When the shrill Trumpet calls to Arms,
 His Prowess soon the Foe disarms;

The

The general Slaughter, Streams of Blood,
 He sees—and seeks his Country's Good
 In hopes when ev'ry Peril's past,
 To taste the Calm of Peace at last,

And should the Virgin seek his Aid,
 Of him who would betray afraid,
 His Arm protects her from Despair.
 A Briton's Part to serve the Fair!
 In hopes when ev'ry Peril's past,
 To taste the Sweets of Love at last.

S O N G. VIII.

The C H O I C E.

(Give Isaac the Nymph, who no Beauty can boast!)

GIVE William the Female whose Mind he approves,
 Whose Elegance charms him, whose Manners he loves,
 Whose Face speaks that Goodness resides in her Breast,
 Whose Heart's ever ready to help the distress.

I ask not for Fortune, O Economy prize;
 I would rather esteem her as virtuous than wife;

If she owns but Good-nature, let Wit be deny'd;
Let her Scandal detest, and abominate Pride.

If such, O, ye Powers! you'll give to my Arms;
If such will resign to your Suppliant her Charms,
Be it ever my Part to deserve and confess,
That the Day which united, united to bless.

S O N G IX.

The C H A C E.

HARK forward! hark forward! we'll follow,
Huzza!

How sweet are the Joys of the Chace!
By Hunting and Love we drive Sorrow away,
And the Cherubin, Health, we embrace.
As the Hare in a Copse hid eludes for a while,
So the Virgin avoids us at first;
But soon we o'ertake her, enraptur'd we smile,
As pressing the Fair to our Breast.

Ye Sons of Affliction, the Chace is for you,
A Method to banish your Care;

No Reflections disturb, whilst with Speed we
pursue,

We have not a Time to despair.

Now, now o'er the Lawn, see how swiftly she
flies,

Strength fails her ere Close of the Day;

The Hounds now encircle, they seize and she
dies—

Hark forward! Hark forward! Huzza!

S O N G

ARNO'S SILVER STREAM

(In Imitation of Shannon's Flow'ry Banks.)

Yes, happy off with her I fly'd near Arno's river

IN Youth when sweet Simplicity with Innocence com-
bin'd; now now how true I believ'd her true

I knew no Grievs, I felt no Cares, contented was my
Mind;—No No! how fleeing Happiness!

Near Arno's silver Stream I stray'd, and pass'd each
happy Day,

Nor thought of other Charms than these, but sung the
Hour away;

Till Selima's all lovely Face depriv'd my Mind of Ease,
And made me study hard to learn the various Arts to

please;

All

All Day the fill'd my ev'ry Thought, all Night my ev'ry
Dream,

And, sighing oft, I pensive pass'd near Arno's silver
Stream.

And, sighing oft, I pensive pass'd near Arno's silver
Stream,

And oft with Selima I rovd, and oft admir'd the Scene:
The Scene so much endear'd by Love, which soon, alas!

! was lost; !
She came and coldly took her Leave, and talk'd of Love
no more.

Unhappy I, who can't efface her Image from my Mind,
I still on Selima reflect, tho' she has prov'd unkind;
I still regret the Time so gay, when Love was all our
Theme,

When happy oft with her I stray'd near Arno's silver
Stream.

Yes, happy oft with her I stray'd near Arno's silver
Stream.

Then I believ'd her true, but now how cruel does she
seem:

Alas! how fleeting Happiness!—No Selima I see,
Whilst ev'ry Object round me proves how sure my
Misery.

Soon Arno's Stream shall be my Grave, and Arno's
Swains shall tell

The Sorrows of a hapless Youth, who lov'd, alas!
well;

Now Time had pass'd with lengthen'd Steps, quite
heavily and slow,

And Lubin each succeeding Day was sure to pass in
Woe;

No more the Village Swains he join'd, their Mirth he
disapprov'd,

The Solitude he pensive sought, and mourn'd the Maid
he lov'd;

The sprightly Dance, the joyous Tale, the Song could
charm no more;

And still he sigh'd, and ever lov'd her Absence to de-
plore;

• Fly swift, ye Hours, my Fair One bring—Ah! save
me from Despair—

• And guard, ye Loves, the peaceful Cot, where dwells
Annette, the fair.

• Alas! Perhaps some richer Swain, like me with Passion
burns,

• And—O!—Distraction's in the Thought!—Annette
his Love returns:

• And can you scorn my Heart, Annette? And have I
lov'd in vain?

• And shall the Moment ne'er arrive to see you once
again?

• Then let the Hour of Death draw nigh, I cannot wish
to live,

• To him Annette, the lovely, scorns, that only Peace
can give;

• Yet guard, kind Heav'n, the happy Cot where smiles
Annette, the fair.

• And keep all Evil far away, with a peculiar Care.

(LIVELY)

(L I V E L Y .)

At length stern Fate forgets to frown, and Lubin's
Bosom cheers ;

The melancholy Days are o'er, Annette to him ap-
pears ;

Now Nature wears a beauteous Face, like Lubin, who
so gay ?

For Love eternal Eden makes, drives Sorrow far away.

Still may their present Hour be Love, the future Day
be Bliss,

And may each constant Shepherd meet a Happiness
like this ;

And guard, ye Loves, the peaceful Cot, where smiles
each British Fair.

And watch o'er Innocence and Truth with a perpetual
Care.

S O N G XII.

The S O L D I E R.

A M E D L E Y.

(Willy's rare.)

WHILST on the Ground, in peaceful Camp,

The weary Soldiers lay,

P

The

The Clouds pass'd swift, the Mattin Lark,
Began to hail the Day.

True Love's rare, is wond'rous rare,

Nor are the constant many;

And Henry swore, by Julia scorn'd,

He'd never marry any.

True Love's rare, &c.

His Rest disturb'd, his Heart oppress'd,
He wander'd to the Grove,

There on each Tree he carv'd her Name,

Lamenting on his Love.

True Love's rare, &c.

(The Meadows look cheerful.)

' Alas !' sigh'd the Soldier, the Effort is vain !
' I ne'er shall forget the sweet Cause of my Pain ;
' Tho' courted by Beaux in their Fopp'ry so fine,
' Shall ne'er win a Heart with Affection like
mine.

' When I told my Love-story to Julia, the fair,
' She flighting my Passion, gave me to despair ;
' But courted by Beaux in their Fopp'ry so fine,
' She'll ne'er wed a Swain with Affection like
mine.

(Anna's

(*' Anna's Urn.'*)

' Adorn'd with ev'ry Female Grace,
' All Angel-like she mov'd;
' And conquer'd by her matchless Face,
' I her to Madness lov'd.
' Ah! Cruel Maid! Unthinking Fair!
' Soon shall my Love be o'er;
' Yet, deign since Life with Love departs,
' Your Lover to deplore.

(*The Madrigal.*)

As pensive on the Ground he lay,
The lovely Phillis came that Way;
Forgetting Julia and Despair,
He rose, and thus address'd the Fair:

(*' Sweet does blush the rosy Morning.'*)

' He who sees enjoys a Blessing,
' He that hears you 's happier still;
' Happiest he, the Fair caressing,
' Bends sweet Phillis to his Will!
' Where, the murm'ring Riv'let flowing,
' Nature's Music charms the Ear;
' I, the

' I, the leisure Hour bestowing,

' Think on you, my Dear.*'

(*Haste to the Wedding.*)

The Maiden was pleas'd, and her Soldier content,

They soon struck a Bargain, were eager for
Bliss;

The very next Day to the Chaplain they went,
And now all the Days of their Lives sweetly
kiss. (The Marriage.)

Then hear me, ye Lasses,

As Time quickly passes,

And wrinkles your Beauty, beware how ye flit,

Come, see,

Mirth and Felicity

Join'd with true Love in Hymenial Delight.

* The last Line of the Song to which this Air is
adapted, is equally short.

SONG

' I, the

S O N G XIII.

JULIA, or the SEQUEL to the SOLDIER.

A M E D L E Y.

(' Saw you, my Father ? ')

JULIA complaining,

Comfort disdaining,

Beneath a Willow's Shade,

Sung of a Lover

She could not recover,

Alas ! poor unfortunate Maid !

(' Let not Love.')

' Guardian Spirits, end my Care,

' Free me from this sad Despair ;

' Kindly all my Griefs remove,

' Ease the Heart which breaks with Love.

(The Spinning Wheel.)

' When youthful Henry told his Pain,

' He strove my Heart to move in vain ;

His

‘ His Flame reveal’d, Returne’st met,
‘ And Love rejected, will forget.

‘ He saw and lov’d another Fair,
‘ And Hymen join’d the happy Pair;
‘ And Julia from that Hour must fret,
‘ That Love rejected, will forget.

(*Ma Chère Amie.*)

‘ Ah! woe for me! how cruel Fate,
‘ That him I scorn’d, I love too late!
‘ Ah! never can I happy be,
‘ Who lost my Peace by losing thee!
‘ Ah! woe for me!

(*See Act I.*)

‘ Ah! could I from my Mind oppress,
‘ Efface thy Image, and be blest!
‘ No future Comfort shall I see,
‘ My hopes are lost, my Love with thee!
‘ Ah! woe for me!

(*The Madrigal.*)

Distress’d, dejected, Prey to Woe,
Repenting Tears began to flow
But

But pitying Pow'rs the Fair survey'd,
And sent Sage Reason to her Aid.

THE HEAVY HOURS.

(*The heavy Hours.*)

'What tho' a dark and envious Cloud

'Obscure the Face of Day,

'Soon the resplendent Sun shall rise,

'To pass the Gloom away;

'Tho' o'er fair Julia's lost Repose

'The Cloud of Love remain,

'Her future Hours of Bliss shall seem

'Increas'd by present Pain.

S O N G — XIV.

THE distant Glimpse of future Joys,

Which flatt'ring Hopes reveal,

The drooping Spirits can support,

The tortur'd Mind can heal.

Kind Hope, Sustainer of the Soul,

The sweet consoling Friend,

'Tis thou can'st make our Sorrows smile,

And lessen till they end.

SONG

SONG XV.
The INCONSTANT.

(" All amongst the Leaves so green O'")

MY History shall prove
How oft I've been in Love,
How the Fair One's Hand I've press'd,
How I flatter'd and caress'd,
How I suffer'd all the while,
That I liv'd upon a Smile,
As I told her my amorous Story,
Night and Day

Never gay,
Heaving Sighs—
Mighty wife!
Hey down, Ho down,
Derry, derry down,
As I told her my amorous Story.

First doom'd to Mary's Scorn,
I lamented I was born,
Oft musing on the Dead,
I "Dodd's Reflections" read;

Ever follow'd where she walk'd,
 Always stammer'd when I talk'd,
 As I told her my amorous Story!
 But my Grief
 Found Relief,
 Other Charms
 Caus'd Alarms—
 Hey down, &c.
 So I alter'd my amorous Story!

Then Biddy fill'd my Mind,
 To her alone inclin'd:
 Such Innocence and Ease,
 I thought would ever please,
 My flutt'ring Heart ensnar'd,
 Hop'd, doubted, and despair'd,
 As I told her my amorous Story:
 Free as Air,
 Void of Care,
 Soon I rang'd—
 Absence chang'd.
 Hey down, &c.
 I laugh'd at my amorous Story.—

Ensnar'd by Nancy's Face,
 Her Simplicity, Her Grace,

Her Form commanding Love,
 I vow'd I'd never rove—
 How ecstatic was the Bliss,
 Her balmy Lips to kiss,
 As I told her my amorous Story,
 Tir'd grown,
 Raptures flown,
 Coolness came,
 Damp'd the Flame—
 Hey down, &c.

We yawn'd at the amorous Story.
 When Kitty's Sense allur'd,
 What Mis'ry I endur'd!
 By Jealousy distress'd,
 Depriv'd of Hope and Rest,
 How my Rival I despis'd,
 Yet the Difficulty priz'd,
 As I told her my amorous Story!
 But the Tale
 Still did fail
 To inspire
 Soft Desire—
 Hey down, &c.

She slighted my amorous Story.
 Her Grace
 Reflection

Reflection came at last,
 I was sorry for the past,
 I vow'd to love no more—
 But the Vow was scarcely over,
 When Sally's vocal Pow'rs
 Beguil'd the passing Hours,
 As I told her my amorous Story:
 Tuneful Nine!
 How divine!
 Each dear Quaver
 Pleasing ever—
 Hey down, &c.
 How enraptur'd the amorous Story!

And shall I change again?
 Forget the tender Strain?
 No—If the Charmer's true,
 I'll still be constant too:
 My Heart will be at Rest
 When I press her to my Breast,
 As she smiles on my amorous Story.
 Dearest Sally,
 May I—Shall I—
 Don't say nay,
 Take me pray,
 Hey down, &c.
 Be kind to my amorous Story.

SONG

S O N

I PLEAD the Sorrows of a Friend,
A Friend sincere and true,
Whose Griefs will never know an End,
Unless remov'd by You.
Say, can a Face so fair as thine
Appear forbidding too?
Smiles let it wear—To Love inclin'd
Ah! make Him blest with You.

S O N

The RECAPITULATION.
(Tho' Prudence may press me,
When I press her to my Breast,
MY Sorrows are over,
No longer a Lover,
Her Smile or her Frown is indifferent to me,
It's Peace thus obtaining,
No Anguish sustaining,
My Heart, my glad Heart is both happy & free.

The Sailor deploring,
 The Winds and Waves roaring
 Affrighted, expects every Moment his last
 But when the Sky clearing,
 He views the Shore near him,
 And scarcely remembers the Storm that is past.

~~The blooming Maiden together walk~~

~~With Violets strew'd the Ground.~~

~~THE BRIDGES OF ALLAN~~

~~And shed a Tear around:~~

THE DEATH OF ALLEN and MARY.

~~Her giddy Joy was o'er:~~

~~The light of Plymouth.~~

~~And tell—to love no more.~~

TH' unclouded Sun with Kindness shone,

To cheer the Face of May,

And loud the joyous Bells had rung,

'Twas Mary's Bridal Day: O 2

But ah! these Sounds which Mirth inspir'd,

Were Death to Allen's Ear,

The hapless Shepherd still admir'd,

No other held so dear.

Then Allen thus his Friend address'd, O W ! O

" Ne'er trust in Woman's Love,

" They

"They flatter to increase Distress,
"And this my Sorrow prove.
"And soon I die—My Heart convey
"To Julia's destined Bride,
"And blast her guilty Mirth To-day,
"With News that Allen dy'd."

The blooming Maids together walk'd,
With Violets strew'd the Ground;
The Bridal Youths of Allen talk'd,
And shed a Tear around:

When Mary Allen's Heart receiv'd,
Her giddy Joy was o'er:
She sigh'd! She wept! Too late believ'd,
And fell—to love no more.

S O N G
XIX
The A U T H O R

O! WHAT Pain the Author bears,
To please his Satisfaction!

((1871))

Ev'ry Day's a Day of Cares,

Study and Distraction;

Critics vex him,

Wits perplex him,

They his Fame preventing;

Genius swaying,

He obeying,

Something new inventing!

Now he climbs the lofty Hill,

Oft his Footsteps slipping;

Hoping good, mistrusting ill,

Onward ever tripping;

Seldom careless,

Bold or fearless,

Errors past repenting;

Sad and merry—

Hey down derry—

Something new inventing!

Some poor Souls in Garrets write,

Bailiffs damp their Spirit;

Cruel Creditors affright—

What a Check to Merit!

Envy sneering,

Mad Men jeering,

They

They their Fate lamenting:
Horrid Features
Wretched Creatures,
Something new inventing.
Fame her silver Trumpet blows,
In various Ports they find her;
On for a chosen few she goes,
And leaves the rest behind her,
Some imploring,
Worlds adoring,
To her Voice consenting:
May Merit's Toils
Receive her Smiles,
Something new inventing.

S O N G XX.

IN vain I complain, in vain I deplore,
The Sun has descended to light me no more;
The Night, dark and dreary—The Heavens
unkind,
How great the Distress is which troubles my
Mind.

Not a Shadow of Hope—Not a Glimpse I
behold ;

The Scenes thus alarming, no Comforts unfold ;

Ah! doom'd to Misfortune, each Evil to find—

How great the Distress is which troubles my
Mind.

S O N G X X I

The D E C L A R A T I O N.

(' The Spring with smiling Face is seen.')

WHAT tho' inconstant I appear,

And own Selina's Grace ;

And tho' to Mary, Friend sincere,

Or struck by Nancy's Face :

Their Charms to others I resign,

My Heart, sweet Ella's only thine :

Their Charms to others I resign,

My Heart is ever thine !

Nor think it strange that I declare,

Aspasia I admire :

R

That

That Charlotte's sensible and fair,

Her Form excites Desire :

Their Charms to others I resign,

My Heart, sweet Ella's only thine.

Th' angelic Sex I all approve,

Insensible to none;

I own them worthy of my Love,

Yet covet your's alone :

Their Charms to others I resign,

O, make me, Ella, blest with thine!

Their Charms to others I resign,

O, make me blest with thine!

SONG XXXII.

(*See the Blossom of Spring that enriches the Thorn!*)
My Heart, sweet Ella's only thine;

AH! where shall the Wretched find Ease from their
Woe!

Till Peace shall return, the Tear ever must flow;

To me, Hope no more can the least Relief send,

No Prospect remains that my Sorrows will end!

The Cloud shall disperse when I gain the blest Shore,
Where the Sigh and the Groan and the Tear are no
more :

Soon all my Distress and Affliction shall cease,

The Angel of Death is the Donor of Peace.

S O N G X X I I I .

AH! could I recall the blest Period now flown,

When Time mov'd so lightly along,

When all that a Mortal could bless was my own,

The Joys of Contentment my Song.

Ah! could I recall the kind Moment so gay,

When she deign'd my soft Tale to approve,

When I heard her sweet Voice so harmonious
all Day,

When her Goodness requited my Love.

Ah! could I recall!—but how painful the
Thought!

By the Wish how increas'd is my Woe!

Melpom'ne inspire to complain as I ought,

My Tears as the Ocean should flow.

SONG

SONG XXIV.

Where the sigh and the Crown and the Tear are no

(Imitated from the Italian.)

Soon all my Distress and Affliction shall cease,

THE Stream which from the River flows,

Preserves from Death the fading Tree,

Adorns with Blossoms and with Leaves,

So sweet to smell, so fair to see.

SONG XXV.

The grateful Tree, depriv'd of Sense,

Yet seems to wish it's Debt repaid,

And from the scorching sunny Rays

Secures it's fav'rite by it's Shade.

The Joy of Contentment my Song.

SONG XXV.

'TIS not, my Charmer, in my Pow'r

To wrong such Worth as thine;

Who sees thy Face, or hears thee speak,

Must rev'rence as divine.

Not You, who with a Smile can bless,

But Man has Cause to fear—

You've robb'd me of my Happiness,

And fix'd your Arrows here.

SONG

SONG

SONG XXXVI

ABSENCE

(*Sweet does blush the rosy Morning.*)

THOUGHTS of Absence, most distressing,
Wound a Mind at Ease before:

Her Society possessing,

All the Grievs of Life were o'er.

Now my Heart with Sorrow rending

Fill my Ella's Face I see:

(All my Happiness depending)

Live for Love and me.*

Ella, Maid still dear, believe me—

Let no other win thy Love:

Others may, perhaps, deceive thee,

Ne'er shall William faithless prove.

Haste away, ye tedious Hours,

Ella's Face I long to see:

May the Fair One (Guardian Powers!)

Live for Love and me.

* Vide Note under Song XII.

SONG

SVOX N O HXQVI.

The POWER OF HARMONY.

(*O! the Golden Days of good Queen Bess.*)

IF I sing to amuse you, expect not a fine SONG,
Lest you deem it unpleasing, you shall not find mine
long:

My Powers, but small are, my Thesis just chosen,
I've of late had a Cold, and the Harmony's frozen.
O! How blest Cecilia was, she sung and Earth ador'd
her;
The Muses lov'd her Company, and all the Gods en-
cor'd her.

An Angel, delighted, flew down with Surprise,
Ma'am,
To chaunt with the Lady who was Fav'rite of the Skies,
Ma'am;
And Timotheus of yore too, if you'll credit the Story,
Rais'd his Hearer (though a Mortal) to Regions of
Glory:
O! How blest Cecilia was, she sung and Earth ador'd
her,
The Muses lov'd her Company, and all the Gods en-
cor'd her.

No doubt you've heard of Orpheus, of whom the Poets
tell, Ma'am,

That the Rocks and Forests danc'd as he play'd himself
to Hell, Ma'am;

But your Humble no Hopes has, to meet with At-
tention:

That my Wish is to charm you, however I'll mention.

O! How Blest Cecilia was, the King and Earth ador'd
her,

The Muses lov'd her Company, and all the Gods en-
cor'd her.

From Wine all Art and Science spring;
Hence Heroes can protect their King;

By this the Poets taught to sing
With Judgment most profound.

Let Mirth and Pleasure join the Song,
S O N G XXXVIII.

Till Echo catch the Sound,
And may Good (Valentine's Day.) cease

Long as the Glass goes round.

NOW cast your Cares and Griefs away,
And keep the merry Holiday:

Let ev'ry Heart and Voice be gay,
And Harmony abound;

And let the joyous Noise increase
Till Echo catch the Sound,

For why should Mirth and Pleasure cease
Long as the Glass goes round?

Give me your Attention;

The

The Ills of Life if doom'd to bear,
Distress and Pain, Fatigue and Care,

'Tis right to take a larger Share

Where-e'er the Bottle's found,
And let the joyous Noise increas

Long as the Glass goes round;

For why should Mirth and Pleasure cease

The Soul-exalting Sound?

From Wine all Art and Science spring,

Hence Heroes can protect their King;

By this are Poets taught to sing

With Judg'ment most profound.

Let Mirth and Melody increase

Till Echo catch the Sound,

And may Good-Humour never cease

Long as the Glass goes round.

S O N G XXIX.

(' Pity my Condition, Signior! ')

GIVE me your Attention, Lady;

Give me your Attention;

The More

More than others I adore you,

This is not Pretension—

For Compassion I implore you,

To the Griefs I mention, Lady,

To the Griefs I mention.

I'm no giddy Rover, Lady,

I'm no giddy Rover:

O let me obtain your Favor,

Glances kind discover;

You will find by my Behavior,

I'm your constant Lover, Lady,

I'm your constant Lover.

Love not Charles nor Harry, Lady,

Love not Charles nor Harry;

If you slight my Supplication,

And another marry,

Trouble, Sorrow, and Vexation,

Me to Death will carry, Lady,

Me to Death will carry.

SONG

Delight:

S Q U O N G I XXX

(' A Flaxen-headed Cow-Boy.')

WHEN late a Poet after I strove to write in Rhyme,
Charades, Acrostics, Rebusses employ'd my leisure
Time,

But soon a Minor Poet, Love Sonnets I could frame,
And with harmonious Numbers, to Ella told my Flame;
In Spite of Critics, thriving, I scribbled ev'ry Day,
Conceiv'd myself a Poet when I could write a Play;
By Love and Genius fir'd, so great a Bard I'll be,

So great a Bard,

So great a Bard,

So great a Bard I'll be,

You'll forget my Imperfections, and all my Merit see!

You'll forget, &c.

The chasteft Maiden shall not my Pen too free declare,
I scorn to give Offence, Ma'am, by those dear Smiles
I swear;

Nor will I deal in Satire, Good-Humor is my Plan,
The End I have in View is, to make what Friends I
can--

The Laureat's Seat to fill, Ma'am, about the King I'll
write;

New Year's and Birth-day Odes too, I'll study with
Delight:

Ye

Ye Pow'rs! What Flights of Fancy! So great a Bard
 I'll be,
 You'll forget my Imperfections, and all my Merit see.

S O N G XXXI.

(*'When late I wander'd o'er the Plain.'*)

LET others sing of Sally's Charms,
 The Seat of Heav'n within her Arms,
 And humbly seek her Pity;
 If Honor prompts I with Success,
 Nor strive to make their Merits less,
 My Mind is bent on Kitty.

Had you Hygeia florid seen,
 Or view'd the sprightly Cyprian Queen,
 The Themes of many a Ditty;
 And could you hear Minerva's Tale,
 Whose Pow'rs persuasive should prevail,
 You then might judge of Kitty.

Alas! that Fate seems fix'd to part
 The Charmer from my anxious Heart,

So

So lovely and so witty!
Yet whether she be mine or not,
Be ev'ry Happinefs her Lot,
And Angels shield my Kitty.

S O N G XXXII.

The R O B I N.

I INVOKE thee, O sorrowful Mufe!
The Lofs of a Robin deplore;
Soft Pity thy Balfam infufe,
Till Remembrance fhall trouble no more.

At the Window as lately he fung,
Love and Innocence charm'd in each Note,
Enchantment oft fell from his Tongue,
And Harmony rofe from his Throat.

To fo sweet, and fo plaintive a Sound,
Alas! we fhall listen no more;
He flutters—He falls to the Ground—
The Lofs of the Robin deplore.

S O N G XXXIII.

For SIX VOICES.

(' Yankee Doodle.')

F I R S T.

PRITHEE, push the Bowl about,

Good Liquor is before us;

Egad! We'll sit to see it out,

And join the merry Chorus,

C H O R U S.

Each unfocial Thought, away!

Woes arise from thinking;

Let's be merry, we that may,

Merry whilst we're drinking,

S E C O N D.

Let each Man his Fav'rite toast,

My Angel's little Nancy;

The Charms of Venus she may boast,

And Beauty suits my Fancy.

C H O R U S.

CHORUS

Each unfocial Thought, away!
Woes arise from thinking;
Let's be merry, we that may,
Merry whilst we're drinking.

FIRST

THIRD

I like the Beauty of the Sense;
My Fair is smart and witty;
With other Beauties I dispense—
Applaud—and toast my Kitty.

CHORUS

Each unfocial Thought, away!
Woes arise from thinking;
Let's be merry, we that may,
Merry whilst we're drinking.

FOURTH

Her Shape, her Air, and Look divine!
How amiable is Polly.

CHORUS

My

(143)

My constant Toast! — and were she mine,
I'd ne'er be melancholy.

C H O R U S.

Each unfocial Thought, away!

Woes arise from thinking;

Let's be merry, we that may,

Merry whilst we're drinking.

F I F T H.

Why should my dearest be forgot,

The Pride of Hill and Valley?

How blest to tie the Marriage-Knot

With dear, bewitching Sally!

C H O R U S.

Each unfocial Thought, away!

Woes arise from thinking;

Let's be merry, we that may,

Merry whilst we're drinking.

SIXTH.

From Nancy, Kitty, Polly, Sall,
A Kiss would make me easy,
I love the Sex, and ever shall—
I'll toast them all to please!

CHORUS

Each unsocial Thought, away!
Woes arise from thinking;
Let's be merry, we that may,
Merry whilst we're drinking.

CHORUS

FINIS